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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN."

VOLUME XLVIII. CHICAGO, OCTOBER 17, 1901. NUMBER 7.

THE OLD TESTAMENT BIBLE STORIES
TOLD FOR THE YOUNG
FOR USE IN THE HOME AND SCHOOL

We beg to announce that UNITY has arranged to publish serially, one each week, a collection of Bible Stories from the Old Testament; prepared by Mr. Walter L. Sheldon, Lecturer of the Ethical Society of St. Louis. The material is arranged more especially with a view to SUNDAY SCHOOL WORK. Each Chapter stands by itself as a separate lesson with suggestions to the teacher as to the best way to use it. The material however forms a continuous narative from the "Garden of Eden" to the "Death of Solomon". The supreme purpose of the series is to bring out the profound ethical import of the Old Testament Stories as a means for the education of the young in that direction. Those who have seen Mr. Sheldon's work "An Ethical Sunday School," will recognize these stories as forming the introduction to the complete scheme of instruction he has been working out during the past few years. Persons wishing to have this material for use in Sunday School work may secure UNITY for one year and either "The Story of the Bible from the Standpoint of Modern Scholarship" or "Class Readings in the Bible from the Standpoint of the Higher Criticism" by the same author, while the editions last, for $1.50, or both of these books and one year's subscription to UNITY for $1.75; UNITY alone to clubs of ten or more, $1.00 a year.

Publication of the Old Testament Bible Stories begins in Current Number.

UNITY PUBLISHING COMPANY,
3939 Langley Ave., Chicago.

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Unity Publishing Company, 3939 Langley Avenue, Chicago.

A Search for An Infidel

A SEQUEL TO JESS:

BITS OF WAYSIDE GOSPEL

SECOND SERIES

By

JENKIN LLOYD JONES

Twelve delightful essays delivered by the author generally on return from his summer holidays.
The "*Living Church*," Milwaukee.

I am glad you wrote "Jess" and the other book.—Anonymous Correspondent.

For saints and sinners of every kind, inspired by charity and common sense.—"*Telegraph*," Philadelphia.

There is a healthy optimism which is invigorating.—"*Advertiser*," Boston.

Jenkin Lloyd Jones, who not long ago sent among the readers of the world his "Jess, Bits of Wayside Gospel," has turned out another equally interesting, instructive and refreshing book. Refreshing, because it is one of the best vacation volumes that can be carried into the country. Its title may not be the happiest that could have been chosen, but after all, it is not likely that "A Search For an Infidel" will be rewarded by finding one. It may properly be deemed a nature book, for it is full of lessons, the objects of which are within the reach as well as the comprehension of every reader. How to make vacation profitable mentally, morally and religiously is the aim of the author. He has succeeded wonderfully in harnessing objects and facts as the bases of his exquisite diction. The book takes the form of sermons—sermons with such starting points as "The Spade and the Pruning Hook," "The Dead Tree," "The Gospel of the Desert," "Water," "The Night Blooming Cereus," "Voices of the Night, a "Sunday on the Sea," "Guide Boards," and the "Everlasting Love." There is just enough of practical theology in these pages to indicate that there is practical religion in the world. The style is broad enough to suit every desire, and there is neither liberal or pious cant in its phraseology to mar its usefulness. No reader who starts in this "Search for an Infidel" will fail to be richer in the appreciation of what we call vacation time by what he captures, even if he does not come up with the infidel.—"*Eagle*," Brooklyn.

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UNITY

VOLUME XLVIII. THURSDAY, OCTOBER 17, 1901. NUMBER 7

The following clipped from the Boston *Transcript* is a significant hint of the tendency towards religious unity or at least the disposition in the human mind to seek real rather than artificial distinctions:

In China, says Dr. Ament, little is made of denominations. The native Christians have denominational names of their own. They call the Methodists the "hand-shakers"; the Presbyterians, the "won't-let-women-speak-in-meeting society"; the Baptists, "the bathing society, and the Congregationalists, the "one-man-as-good-as-another society."

One of the interesting episodes in connection with the National Purity Association held in Chicago last week and noticed elsewhere was a banquet tendered to the delegates by the Battle Creek Sanitarium at the Y. M. C. A. cafe on Wednesday, October 9, from 5:30 to 8 p. m. It was a full course dinner elegantly served to some one hundred and twenty-five guests, the bill of fare consisting entirely of the products of the garden and the orchard. There were "vegetable soup," "vegetable meats," consisting of broiled nut steak and sliced protose; "vegetable salads" with "mock chicken," with a full line of dainties, proving at least that in such hands the palate can be delighted as well as the appetite satisfied without the direct sacrifice of animal life. The banquet was followed by a season of toasting, which also proved that reformers can be jolly and that "cranks" can be delightfully human and that they justify Frances Willard's epigram that "Cranks make the world go round."

Leslie W. Sprague, Helena, Mont., has been preaching on "The Things We Can Do Without." A printed extract lies before us proving that it is a suggestive subject when well followed; but it is a sermon of the kind that will prove irritating to the indolent conscience. A searching sermon is seldom the drawing one. We make room for the following paragraphs:

We can do without riches, when to have them costs our virtue. We can do without repute, if having it involves our consistency. We can bid defiance to success, if to gain it we must ourselves become failures. He does his family a most doubtful service who secures for it even great comfort, high culture, many privileges, at the cost of his own true being. I would rather my child should have about her the atmosphere of a manly, selfrespecting father, than that she should have the finest of other advantages wanting this. Better be able, all through life, to say "my father never did a wrong or unkind act," than to inherit millions on any other terms. Man has no more right to compromise conscience and do injustice for the sake of benefiting his family, than for his own self-gratification. Wrong is wrong, and the end to which an ill-gotten dollar is put does not, however good, amend the ill gaining. We can live without culture, pastime, but whoso tries to live without the inner voice proclaiming "well done," is already worse than dead.

Man must learn that at last he can do without love, and friendship, and deep companionship, without sympathy and appreciation—that unless he can do without them, unless he can stand alone, he is not worthy of them, since he cannot be that support to another life which that life will need while lending strength to him. The friendship, love and sympathy which may be gained by stooping is not worth the having. Getting it we get little, and stooping we lose all. We must live our own lives, though we stand all alone. We can, at last, do without others; but we can not do without our best, strongest, noblest selves.

The *Woman's Journal* gives an interesting account of a girls' school in Kent, England, where mathematics are neglected and pickles and confectionery are barred, where hygiene and attendant topics constitute the light curriculum. The rest of the time is largely spent in the open air with tennis, rowing, riding, running, etc., all of which is not allowed to interfere with the regularity of simple meals and "to bed at nine o'clock." The school was started for the training of teachers of physical culture, but it has become the resort of those who seek health and strength more than those who seek usefulness in the teaching capacity. The new education still lingers. It is yet to be demonstrated in a practical way that a large intelligence and wholesome character would come from a school directed with few teachers and few recitations, if graduations, standings and the exacting anxieties for college admissions were forgotten, the social ambitions, the dress parades and functions were all wiped away and the children were given a large sense of leisure, environed in simplicity but shadowed ever with the benignant poise and directing care of a few wise teachers who represented character in its dignity and culture in a general intelligence, an atmosphere of refinement, a spirit of gentleness and sweetness, and a passion for social justice, civic equity and religious trust; when parents realize that three or four years spent in such an atmosphere as this is more to the child than any diploma representing a certain amount of mathematical and linguistic cramming, relieved ever and anon by feverish spasms of amusement and the exciting politics of fraternities, class enthusiasms and youthful flirtations.

John Chadwick, in a sermon entitled "The Crime That Failed," reveals a rare sanity in dealing with the humiliating tragedy that ended in the death of President McKinley. With a clear eye and firm hand he discovers and states the inevitable connection between lynch law and assassination, the identity of spirit between the clergymen in the pulpit crying for vengeance and regretting that it was not done then and there, mingling the assassin's with his victim's blood, and the man who in a wild moment thought he could help right the wrongs of the burdened under government by striking at the head of government. He tells us rightly that "All violence breeds other violence, all contempt for the majesty of law breeds after its specific kind with infinite variety." Violent words are the seed out of which violent deeds grow. The patriotism that reveals itself in bitter phrases and passionate denunciation is a menace to the country it professes to honor. We must quote still another paragraph from Mr. Chadwick in which he justly resents the implication that those who disapproved of much that transpired under the administration of President McKinley could do other than join in the universal sympathy of the nation over the untimely end of one who was pure in his pri-

vate life, tender in his home and the occupant of the highest position at the gift of a great country. Says Mr. Chadwick:

It does not make a particle of difference in our fundamental conception of this tragedy whether we sympathized with the general character of the president's administration or opposed it manfully. It is an insult and an outrage to commend an opponent of the president's policy for execrating the crime against his person and the state. The man who could do otherwise than execrate it would be a murderer in his heart. Would those who commend the grief of the president's opponents, as if it were not to be expected, like to kill off, or to have killed off, all those from whom they differ? It would be only natural to make this inference, but we forbear. The free criticism of public policies is one of the most precious inheritances from our national and racial past, and is never more invaluable than when public thought and action are setting in some new direction with a mighty and apparently resistless flood.

The National Purity Convention, whose meetings were heralded in these columns, were held in the Methodist Church Block, Chicago, October 8, 9, and 10. As might have been expected, the local attendance was humiliatingly small. The ministers of the city were conspicuous in their absence, as were most of the "leading" laymen and lay women. But the representative character of those in attendance, the purity and dignity of aim, the singleness and sincerity of the speakers made it altogether a profitable meeting. Five different organizations were represented, showing almost unconsciously that they were yielding to the law of co-operation and combination which has its angelic as well as demonic application. Unconsciously this meeting was an arraignment of the churches and to our mind a partial answer to the oft asked question, "Why are the churches losing their hold upon society?" The whole realm of personal morals, the integrity of the home, sexual sanity, the evils of the drink and tobacco habits, the enormity of the double standard in sex morals were here represented by special societies because the churches practically have vacated these fields in any organic and co-operative way. While there are smoking and drinking parsons, indulgent and flippant church members, and gaming elders, such societies as this are necessary, albeit they work at the great disadvantage of not having the tools and resources at their command which are already developed to a high degree by the churches. The great amount of published matter to be found on the tables at the door was both encouraging and pathetic. Encouraging because indicating so much activity largely among the laymen and lay women, and chiefly in the interest of the young; pathetic because the crudity of the form, the amateurish printing and the absence of scholarly sequence indicated the difficulties under which the work is carried on. But let it be remembered that the work is being carried on, and while such women as Mrs. Grannis of New York, Mrs. Mary Wood-Allen of Ann Arbor, and such men as Rev. A. H. Lewis of Plainfield, New Jersey, and the long list of their coadjutors represented on this program are in the struggle their work will deserve the sympathy and co-operation of every friend of morals and believer in spiritual religion, the first condition of which is a clean mind in a clean body, the divinity of body and soul, their passions and their potencies when controlled by reason, directed by conscience for the advancement of the race and to the glory of God. We ar glad that Chicago entertained the first National Purity Convention that represented a union of societies, and we will wait with interest further developments and gladly pledge ourselves to help it along.

Sunday-School Work Not Necessarily Difficult.

For thirty years the present writer, in UNITY and out of it, has labored in season and out of season to raise the standard of Sunday school work. He has believed that much of the work done in the Sunday school had better be undone. The flippancy of the music, the incoherency, to say nothing of the inaccuracy, of the instruction, and the irreverence springing out of an attempt to please and hold children, deserve condemnation.

But that conception of Sunday school work is also hurtful that conceives it as too difficult for any to undertake except those who can add to a degree of pedagogical skill careful preparation on scholarly lines in the fields of biblical criticism, ethics and sociology, or at least some one of these departments. We believe there is a crying need for such preparation, that the Sunday school ought to give instruction on these lines because most fathers and mothers in a spirit which we believe reprehensible, if not cowardly, evade their duty in this direction, and because public schools from necessity and private schools and colleges either from conviction or prejudice, though not from necessity, like the public schools, postpone this instruction to the senior or post-graduate years, if it is pursued at all. But where these things are impossible it is still possible to gather a few children together where there are not many available. And those who have no access to standard authorities or no time to consult them can give to these children at least one hour a week of companionship and co-operative interest. They can teach them a few simple but high songs, store their memories with a few of the great scripture texts that belong to the ethical wealth of humanity, whether these texts are to be found in the Bible or out of it. They can tell the old stories and expound the commandments and the great beatitudes.

Having often pleaded for the Sunday school at its maixmum, we now plead for it at its minimum. Wherever there are a dozen children not otherwise provided for and where there are one or two adults who are willing to give their time and provide themselves with a very few dollars' worth of helps, they can have a Sunday school that may become an active force in the development of the character of those children.

If we are asked what can they do at this minimum, let us see.

Half a dozen simple songs reflecting high sentiment and real harmony and three or four of the great universal hymns, the father and mother hymns in all homes where hymns go will serve as musical program for a whole year. If the words are clearly printed on paper or cloth and hung up before the children or written on the blackboard, it is better and cheaper than any hymn-book equipment, and better yet if, with-

out book or chart, they are placed in the memory of the children and sung out of that memory.

As for service, again a few high sentences recited in concert or responsively, a noble chant and a tender prayer reiterated out of the memory Sunday after Sunday, if the leading is devout and appreciative, will probably do more to cultivate the worshipful spirit than the more or less careless reading of a ritual out of the best service book where variety rather than loving and appreciative reiteration is sought.

As for instruction, here again the minimum material is sufficient to justify the work. For little ones there are beautiful motto cards with pictures. "The Kindness of Animals," "The Sayings of Jesus," "Corner Stones of Character," and others published by the Western Unitarian Sunday School Society are good illustrations of what we have in mind. Any kind mother or good sister can take a class of little children with such cards as these as the basis of teaching and not of amusement and work them first into the memory and then into the hearts of the little ones in such a way as to leave permanent impressions. For older children there are at least the great universally accepted familiars of the spirit found in the Bible: the Ten Commandments, the Nineteenth, Twenty-third, Twenty-fourth and Ninetieth Psalms, the favorite texts in Proverbs, the Beatitudes, the "Our Father," Paul's hymn to Love, First Corinthians, thirteen, and the James verses about the tongue. Already we have mentioned too much. Here is material enough for more than a year, not only good but interesting work, particularly if the year is saved from any danger of monotony by a loving use of the Easter, Christmas, Lincoln and Washington Birthdays, Thanksgiving Day, and similar festival days.

Why make these suggestions of a Sunday school at its minimum? The printed helps for such a Sunday school are abundant, are at hand and very cheap. The only perplexity is the embarrassment of selection.

As a timely help in this direction we commend the series of Bible Stories by Mr. Sheldon, the publication of which we begin this week in UNITY. These stories are retold from the standpoint of modern scholarship, which, truly understood, is appreciative and constructive. And any kind-hearted man or woman with no other help than Mr. Sheldon's stories can have a little Sunday school of their own wherever they see fit to gather two or three together in the spirit of love and give to them ungrudgingly a Sunday hour. If it can be enriched with some of the settings suggested above, so much the better.

We believe that this Sunday school at its minimum which we have tried to sketch is something altogether beautiful and worth doing. Starting here, the road is open toward the maximum, which has never yet been reached.

Are you still too busy, careworn or tired to undertake this minimum? Then there is something the matter with your life. The perspective of your week is poorly cast, the "must-do's" are not well selected. Your life needs rearranging and it can be rearranged if you try, for "where there is a will there is a way."

GOOD POETRY.

This column will for awhile present in the issues of each month the work of one poet, giving the work of the younger men where it is worthy.—EDS.

PAUL HAMILTON HOYNE.

Born in Charleston, South Carolina, January 1, 1830. His English progenitors settled in Charleston in early colonial days and furnished patriots and statesmen to America. After graduation from Charleston College, he adopted literature as his profession, and became editor of the *Literary Monthly Magazine*. He served through the ivil War on Gvoernor Pickens' staff. When war swept away his library and in fact all his property, he settled in the "Pine Barrens" of Georgia, where he lived practically in exile until his death.

By the Grave of Henry Timrod.

When last we parted—thy frail hand in mine—
Above us smiled September's passionless sky,
And touched by fragrant airs, the hillside pine
Thrilled in the mellow sunshine tenderly;
So rich the robe on nature's slow decay,
We scarce could deem the winter tide was near,
Or lurking death, masked in imperial grace;
Alas! that autumn day
Drew not more close to winter's empire drear
Than thou, my heart! to meet grief face to face!

I clasped thy tremulous hand, nor marked how weak
Its answering grasp; and if thine eyes did swim
In unshed tears, and on thy fading cheek
Rested a nameless shadow, gaunt and dim—
My soul was blind; fear had not touched her sight
To awful vision; so I bade thee go,
Careless and tranquil as that treacherous morn;
Nor dreamed how sweet the blight
Of long-implanted seeds of care would throw
Their nightshade flowers above the springing corn.

Since then full many a year hath risen and set,
With spring-tide showers and autumn pomps unfurled
O'er gorgeous woods and mountain walls of jet—
While love and loss, alternate, ruled the world;
Till now once more we meet—my friend and I—
Once more, once more—and thus, alas! we meet—
Above, a rayless heaven; beneath, a grave;
Oh, Christ! and dost thou lie
Neglected here, in thy worn burial-sheet?
Friend, were there none to shield thee, none to save?

Ask of the winter winds—scarce colder they
Than that strange land—thy birth-place and thy tomb:
Ask of the sombre cloud-wracks trooping gray,
And grim as hooded ghosts at stroke of doom;
At least, the winds, though chill, with gentler sweep
Seem circling round and o'er thy place of rest,
While the sad clouds, as clothed in tender guise,
Do slowly bend and weep
O'er the dead poet, in whose living breast
Dumb nature found a voice, how sweet and wise!
Once more we meet, once more—my friend and I—
But ah! his hand is dust, his eyes are dark;
Thy merciless weight, thou dread mortality,
From out his heart hath crushed the latest spark
Of that warm life, benignly bright and strong;
Yet no, we have not met—my friend and I—
Ashes to ashes in this earthly prison!
Are these, O child of song,
Thy glorious self, heir of the stars and sky?
Thou art not here, not here, for thou hast risen!

Death gave thee wings, and lo! thou hast soared above
All human utterance and all finite thought;
Pain may not hound thee through that realm of love,
Nor grief, wherewith thy mortal days were fraught,

Load thee again—nor vulture want, that fed
Even on thy heart's blood, wound thee; idle, then,
Our bitter sorrowing; what though bleak and wild
Rests thine uncrowned head?
Known art thou now to angels and to men—
Heaven's saint and earth's brave singer undefiled.

Even as I spake in broken underbreath
The winds drooped lifeless; faintly struggling through
The heaven-bound pall, which seemed a pall of death,
One cordial sunbeam cleft the opening blue;
Swiftly it glanced, and settling, softly shone
O'er the grave's head; in that same instant came
From the near copse a bird-song half divine;
"Heart," said I, "hush thy moan,
List the bird's singing, mark the heaven-born flame,
God-given are these—an omen and a sign!"

In the bird's song an omen his must live!
In the warm glittering of that golden beam,
A sign his soul's majestic hopes survive,
Raised to fruition o'er life's weary dream.
So now I leave him, low, yet restful here;
So now I leave him, high-exalted, far
Beyond all memory of earth's guilt or guile;
Hark! 'tis his voice of cheer,
Dropping, me thinks, from some mysterous star;
His face I see, and on his face—a smile.

The *Westminster Gazette* prints some previously unpublished verses by Mrs. William Bridges Adams (Sarah Fuller Adams), authoress of "Nearer, My God, to Thee." They were written and sung at a festival of workpeople and employres, at which Carlyle was present, at Fairfield Engineering Works at Bow in 1848:

Some worship the warrior's blood-stained wreath,
And some the miser's treasure,
While others seek in the empty breath
Of fame their only pleasure.
Give us the man who, in weal or woe,
Lights a smile at the joy of another,
with the head to work, and the heart to feel,
And the grasp of the hand like a brother.

A struggle uphill is life for all,
And many the aims that move us,
Alas; for those who, striving, fall—
Nor reach the Heaven above us,
Give us the man who while toiling on
Has an arm and a heart for another,
Who sees the universe as *One*,
To grasp with the hand of a brother.

—*From the Christian Life.*

Fairfield Works, Bow, 1848.

The Seventh General Meeting of the Congress of Religion.

The Golden Rule in International Affairs.

A Paper Read Before the Congress of Religion at Buffalo, in the Tent Evangelist, June 30, 1901, *by Benjamin F. Trueblood, Boston.*

The Golden Rule has been on the lips of the Christian world for nearly nineteen hundred years. It ought long ago to have become the controlling principle in all civilized social affairs, private, national and international. It contains in a condensed form the whole applied moral philosophy of life. But, strange to say, even its meaning has never been understood, except by a few people, and those mostly among the obscure. The admiration and praise of it uttered from pulpits and platforms, found in books, and sometimes heard in conversation, has been largely of a poetic, sentimental and esthetic character, like that bestowed upon a precious stone, an exquisite statue, or a rare specimen in a show case. "All things whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so to them." In Greek, in English or in any other tongue, it is a sentence whose thought is so precise and complete, whose movement is so rhythmical, whose appeal to the moral instincts is so direct that one can scarcely hear it uttered without feeling the rising in his eye of an esthetic tear. Thus is probably to be explained the fact that this great life principle, though so universally neglected and disobeyed, has been just as universally lauded.

The solemn and wonderful majesty of the Golden Rule, and likewise its everlasting verity and vitality, can be appreciated only when one looks carefully into the three elements which lie behind it and determine its formulation.

The first of these elements is the sense and understanding of justice which it assumes to exist in all men. One of the clearest things among human phenomena is the fact that men, not much matter how undeveloped, ignorant or even wicked they may be, have a very clear knowledge of what is justice toward *themselves*. This sense manifests itself more often, perhaps, when injustice is done them. The Indian, for example, may be a wild, ignorant, violent son of the forest, but standing face to face with the knowing white man he comprehends very well how the latter ought to feel and act toward him.

Now, the Golden Rule requires a man, with this clear sense of what ought to be done to *himself*, to set himself over into the place of the other man, and then do to the other man what he would have the other man do to him if their personalities and places were changed. The meaning is not, "Do to others as you would have them do to you in your present position." Jesus Christ never uttered anything so meaningless. The suppressed, "If you were the other man," gives the maxim its fine uniqueness and supreme moral significance.

The second element in the rule is its assumption that all men feel and know that others ought to love them and fulfill toward them all the behests of love. As I said was true in the matter of justice, it is just as universal a fact in human phenomena that all men desire others to appreciate and be kind to them, or, in other words, to love them; and though they are often ignorant of what real love ought to do, they are quick, as a rule, to realize it when it comes from a spirit of transparent goodwill. The deeds of illwill they never require much time to fathom. The Golden Rule thus, with its perfect ethical insight, sets a man in other men's places and exhorts him to love them as he would be loved if he were they.

The third element is still more characteristic. It insists that one's life of love and justice towards one's fellows shall begin spontaneously with oneself, and not after others have made the approaches. You must take the initiative yourself without any thought of how your action will be received, and you must live in this spirit continually. You must be kind toward the unthankful and the unjust. You must cause your sun to rise on the evil as on the good, and the rain of your outgoing goodness to fall on all men of all classes and conditions, as God does. If you love them only who love you, you may be a good Pharisee, or a good anything else that is dry and barren, but not a son of the Golden Rule.

One might well spend many hours, if there were time, in suggesting how the Golden Rule should be applied in the life of individuals, and what transformation in all human affairs would be brought about by its universal observance. It is generally believed that it ought to be observed by individuals in all their ordinary social relations, and that its high aim is not

impossible of attainment. All men are particularly anxious that other people should keep it, though, of course, no one expects to observe it perfectly himself. A little leeway must be kept open for personal improvement.

Bad, however, as the world still is, as we all are, making plenty of occasion for sarcasm and irony when we talk about this golden maxim, I am convinced that in social life at the opening of this twentieth century, here and there in considerable sections of it, there is, in one form or another, much of real Golden Rule living. People are still a bit awkward about it, so novel is the experience, but the genuine article is found in many places. This is the supreme attainment of our civilization, that men and women in considerable numbers now actually inhabit our planet whose lives are given to the service of others, who do as they would be done by. It is the most encouraging sign of the times that such numbers of people are talking Golden Rule and insisting on Golden Rule conduct—outside of church, I mean, in the storm and stress of daily life. In church, of course, everybody bows down to the Golden Rule, though many are careful to have the Golden Calf at hand just outside the door waiting for the after-service.

So much Golden Rule talk means much in the heart, for "out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh." It indicates that there is a great Golden Rule revolution just before us in the soocial life of men, in the family, the church, the community; shall I say in business and in politics Yes, in business and in politics also, for it will show itself there as soon, or nearly as soon as anywhere else.

It is high time for all good men and women to begin to talk seriously about the Golden Rule in international affairs. These affairs have for various reasons become so conspicuous and potent in these days that they dominate nearly everything. Their influence for good or ill is felt everywhere, in religious and social circles, in business, at our very breakfast tables. The scale on which they are carried on is now so colossal that unless they can be thoroughly moralized and purified, the hope for the redemption of the world is not very great.

It has been and still is complacently assumed by many, one would not exaggerate much in saying by most people, that international affairs are a natural and hopeless anarchy, where every government may play the devil as much as it pleases; that it is impossible for a nation to live and prosper without ignoring and openly violating nearly every principle of the Golden Rule. Ambition, self-aggrandizement, outwitting other countries, belittleing them, getting from them as much as possible with little or no return, exacting of them reparation for every least offense or wrong received, beating them in brutal combat, singing *Te Deums* over their defeat and humiliation, taking their country by conquest, reducing them to political slavery, annihilating their independence,—this has been considered the mission, the duty, the glory of nations. Something of this conception still remains; so much of it, in fact, that it is difficult for any nation to escape its deadly fascination. Men are living whose actions indicate that they do not know that we have got beyond the days of Tamburlane, who look upon the idea of love and good will toward other nations as silly and contemptible nonsense; men to whom nothing but power and crushing force have any ultimate greatness and majesty.

But the growing spirit of our time repudiates all this. It demands something else, and will have something else. A nation is coming to be looked upon as only a larger social unit, subject to all the laws of conduct which govern men in their common social relations. A consciousness of universal humanity has appeared, and with it a corresponding conscience. The ordinary notions of national conduct are being everywhere challenged. It is openly urged by many teachers of public morality that the Golden Rule, which is the highest law, the only comprehensive law for individuals, is likewise the supreme law for nations, and that those governments which will not consent to observe it are guilty of great sin and conspicuously dishonorable. More than this, there are now men and women in considerable numbers in many countries who steadily feel and act toward other lands as the Golden Rule dictates, and who take cheerfully any obloquy resulting therefrom.

This conception of national conduct is absolutely certain to prevail. It must be talked and written into the consciousness and the conscience of the world. Here lies our first international duty. We ought to promote international travel, international trade, religious, scientific and literary fellowship between nations. But most of all the peoples of the earth must be taught that it is their duty to feel and act toward one another as brethren and friends and not as haters, thieves, robbers and cutthroats.

To say that the Golden Rule is inapplicable to nations is to reach the limit of moral absurdity, and to charge God with supreme folly. Ruskin once wrote: "I have met men who boldly said, 'There is no God,' but never till I began to move among English Christians did I ever conceive that men lived who with unblushing effrontery could say, 'There is a God, but he is a foolish God. He has put us under laws that are unworkable.'" God's Golden Rule is man's Golden Rule, wrought out, not in some far away heaven, but right in the structure of his individualistic and social nature; and it is just as workable between nations as between individuals, as any two nations would speedily find out which had the good sense and courage to put it to the test. Emerson once said that love as the basis of a state had never been tried, and that it was folly to say before the experiment had been made that it would not work. The Golden Rule has never been tried between nations except in tid-bits possibly. We must insist that it have a full and fair trial; and until that time the sceptical croakers have no right to croak.

Nations have the same sense of what is just towards *themselves* as individuals have. No nation believes it right for another to make war upon it, to blockade its ports, to invade its territories, to kill off its young men, to break up its homes, to paralyze its industries, to reduce it to vassalage, to slice off its territory, or to extinguish its independence by force. No nation in our day believes it right for another to exclude its upright citizens of whatever class, to make their entrance into its borders and their residence there hard and annoying, or to interfere with its trade by exacting and crippling tariffs. No nation believes it right for another stronger than itself to lay upon it any demands, however small, which are dictated simply by superior might. What nation is there whose people believe it right for those of another to malign or ridicule them, to misrepresent their motives, to depreciate their manners and customs, and in general to belittle them? How sensitive nations are in all these respects to what justice demands toward themselves. The most elementary sense of fairness ought to lead them to do in all these matters as they would be done by, and any nation which does not do so is condemned, not by others, but by its own standards of right. If the nations half lived up to their light in this direction, there would not be half an hour's fighting among them in a century.

Going up to the higher plane, we find a similar state of affairs. Every nation desires to be appreciated and honored by others, to have its people courteously and kindly treated when abroad, to have its institutions and customs respected and honored, to have pa-

tience and charity shown towards its weaknesses and imperfections, and to have even its sins and wrongs treated in a merciful and forgiving spirit. In other words, all nations desire to be loved, spontaneously loved, by others, as truly and strongly as individuals ever do, and there is no more vanity in the national desire for appreciation than in the individual.

Here, then, we reach the high obligation of love between nation and nation. It lies in their very nature and relations to one another, and is not something that comes from imposition from without. A demand for respect and esteem imposes immediate obligation to give them to those from whom they are asked. There is no escape from this obligation without self-stultification and self-dishonor, of which nations and peoples have been all too guilty. "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself" signifies, when translated into international speech, Thou shalt love the neighboring nation —every nation, that is, according to the interpretation of the Great Teacher—as thou lovest thy own; thou, the government; thou, the citizen. Thou shalt seek its good, its prosperity, its honor; thou shalt respect its liberties, its rights, its individuality; thou shalt promote its progress in knowledge, in industry, in commerce, inhappiness, in spiritual life; thou shalt be merciful towards its sins and forgiving towards its trespasses.

In attempting to get a right conception of the true friendship which should exist between the peoples and nations of the earth one must beware of taking too much stock in that governmental chumminess whose aim is chiefly mutual suport in carrying out schemes of greed and aggression. At the botom of this always lurks more or less dislike of other peoples, and usually sinister designs against them. There is nothing whatever of the Golden Rule in triple or dual alliances of the ordinary type, nor in those effusive promises of support in possible, mysteriously hinted at, conflicts by which one government tries to secure a powerful friend in another, to aid it in some meanness which it is accomplishing. The Golden Rule knows no race oor hemisphere. One must beware also of taking for the genuine article of which we are talking that sentimental frothing which so often takes place at diplomatic banquets and international dinners, where everlasting friendship is pledged between the countries whose high dignitaries are swallowing viands and drinking champagne side by side, all of which loud-mouthed pledges are forgotten before the stars set. To call this international love and friendship is to show an utter lack of wits.

The observation of the two duties of international justice and international love in even a modest measure would put an end forever to war, which is totally irreconcilable with the demands of either. War is the negation of both love and justice. It is the apotheosis o fselfishness, hate and brute force. But it would do more than put an end to awr. It would bring the nations into mutual confidence and trust, into intelligent and sympathetic co-operation for the promotion of the real interests of each and all. This is the positive and nobler side of peace, which so many of its opponents fail to grasp. They take it for a mere nagative thing, equivalent to social idleness and stagnation. Toward this noble state of international co-operation in all high endeavor the abolition of war is only an important step. Toward its attainment is demanded just as imperatively the abolition of a number of other international wickednesses, with which war is so clasely allied and out of which it inevitably springs. The ax must be laid at the root of the whole tree.

Who shall begin the application of the Golden Rule to international affairs? What nation? I said that the Golden Rule requires one to take the initiative oneself in putting it into practice, without waiting to see what others will do. Theoretically, all the nations ought to begin together at once. As Americans, we ought to insiset, so far as our influence extends, that our own great Republic, at the roots of whose life lie the principles of justice and brotherhood, begin at once to live out the Golden Rule toward other nations in a much higher and wider sense than it has yet done, and that it abandon forthwith every ambition and every policy inconsistent with this supreme law of life. If the nation refuse to do this, we must do it ourselves as individuals at every point where our lives touch the larger life of the world. The men and women who are here tonight are powerful enough, few as they are, to work a very great transformation in the thought and conduct of the nation in this respect within a comparatively brief time, if in thought, speech and conduct they were perpetually true, in the circles in which they move, to the Golden Rule ideals and laws of life.

Many people shudder at the thought of trusting the life and destinies of the nation to the protction of the simple moral defences of a course of conduct strictly in harmony with the principles of the maxim which we are considering. They frighten themselves with the fancy that a nation that was always just and loving, that lived for other nations in the spirit of self-sacrifice, that therefore discarded and refused to employ in its defense the weapons whose use always means death and desolation to others, would immediately be pounced upon by others and destroyed. As for myself, so profound is my faith in the conquering and preserving power of such life and conduct, that I would not hesitate an instant to stake the existence, the prosperity and the honor of the nation upon it. Indeed, I do not believe that any nation will ever be entirely secure in either its existence or its prosperity until it abandons reliance on all other defenses and and trusts itself completely and in good faith to a life of justice and self-sacrificing love. It is selfish ambition, and its handmaid, brute force, which have been the cause of the downfall of every nation which has perished in the past. Might has proved itself unworthy of confidence a thousand times over, even in the defense of a righteous cause. It is proving itself so again in these days when heaven and earth are ransacked to find means to make the strong arm stronger. In the simple name of reason and good sense, it is time to abandon the shield and sword and to trust to the loving heart and the helpful hand.

If I believed, as I do not, that the adoption of the Golden Rule as the law of its life and conduct would leave the nation to be preyed upon and destroyed, I should still not hesitate to advise its adoption. If the nation died thus it would bless the world infinitely more by its death than it could possibly do by a life, however long, filled with selfish ambition and disregard of others. I should not be in the least ashamed to be a citizen of a nation which gave its life in this lofty and disinterested way. On the contrary, I should be ashamed of any country of which I was a citizen which tried to save its life and exalt its honor by crushing the life and liberties of any people, or in any way doing it harm. Men have given their lives for holy causes and been honored forevermore. Why should not a nation do so, if the pathway of duty led to the cross? The author of the Golden Rule gave up his life in the effort to set up the Kingdom of Heaven among men and to save the world. Why should it be thought a thing dishonorable and unworthy ofr a nation to sacrifice itself to promote that Kingdom and to assist in completing the redemption of the race? Is it glorious for men to die in self-sacrifice for others, and ignoble for a nation? Nod ! There is one supreme law of love and self-sacrifice for both, leading always to life and honor, though sometimes by way of suffering and death.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

The Old Testament Bible Stories Told for the Young

—by—

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CHAPTER I.

The Garden of Eden.

I am going to tell you a beautiful old story of the far away time, hundreds and thousands of years ago. Just how long ago it was, we cannot say. It takes us back to those times when there were no people on the earth—no men, no women, no children. The sky was there, the sea was there, and the land was there. But there were no people to look up at the sky, or to travel on the seas or to till the soil. Just think how quiet and lonesome it must have seemed with nobody there; all the great world and no man in it!

It seems that the Great Being, the Ruler of the World, whom we shall speak of in these stories as the Lord—it seems at last that he had made up his mind there must be a change. There ought to be people in this beautiful world. All those stars up there in the sky should not be there without being looked at; and the beautiful flowers and trees and streams of water pleased him so much that he felt there ought to be human beings who should look at all these and delight in them. And so he decided that he would put people on the earth; that it should no longer be solitary and lonesome everywhere, because there would be men and women who could see the world, admire it and take pleasure in it.

But first he thought it wise to make a beautiful garden, where man should dwell. Now, the Ruler of the World, of course, must have known a great deal and been able to do about anything he wanted to do. Somewhere, therefore, over in far away Asia, he chose a place for his garden; and he planted it with trees of all kinds. You can have no idea what was growing there. Everything that was fair to look upon or that could please the eye was in that garden. Beautiful ferns grew all about, in the woods and along the streams. Tall oak trees and maple trees and elm trees were there, and palms without number. Then, too, there were all kinds of fruit trees laden with the richest fruits. There was the apple tree and the pear tree and the trees bearing plums and oranges and pomegranates. All the fruits that you could think of were growing on those trees.

And then, furthermore, as to the flowers,—oh, if only you could have a picture of all the flowers that grew in that garden; small and great, and of all the tints and colors of the rainbow! There were flowers as small as a tiny dewdrop; others again larger than any we ever see nowadays. And there were all kinds of birds in that garden; song-birds building their nests in the trees, or along the brookside, or in the grasses. There was the mocking-bird and the oriole, and birds of such rare and wonderful plumage that the eye of man would be dazzled just to look upon them. There was the bird of paradise, that you know of, and others perhaps even more beautiful than the bird of paradise.

Of course, there were animals of all kinds, living under the trees, playing together in the water, or roaming through the fields. Over it all was the great and glorious dome of the sky, with the stars and moon shining by night, and the sun shining by day. But it was never too hot there, nor too cold. If the winds blew, they blew gently and never did any harm. No awful cyclones tore down the trees, or made the birds and animals afraid. If it rained, it never rained too much, but only just enough to water the ground and make the grasses grow nicely, and to keep the plants and the trees fresh and green in their verdure.

Just think what a place that would be to live in! It was called, as you know, the Garden of Eden. And yet no man had seen it. All that beauty, and no human eye to look upon it or to take pleasure in it! When all was ready and the Garden was made, the Ruler of the World decided that he would make a man to live in that Garden and to take care of it, and to have it all for his own beautiful home. This man was to be the Gardener of Eden.

And so, as we are told, the Lord took some dust of the ground and shaped it into the form of a man. But there it was, that form with no life in it—as yet only the dust of the ground. It was a beautiful form, fair and shapely. And then what do you suppose he did? Why, as we are told, "He breathed into his nostrils the breath of life, and man became a living soul." And the Man's name, as you know, was Adam.

He was placed there all alone in that beautiful Garden, where he was to have his home. Can you fancy anything more delightful than a home like that Garden, all made for you, just of the kind that you would like, with every possible flower or tree that you could think of or care for; with all the fruits that you might care to look at, or care to taste of; and to be able to wander there as you pleased, taking what you wanted, doing just as you liked, never being obliged to work too hard, only just to have the care of that wonderful Garden! But the Lord of the World did not think it well that Adam should have his own way altogether. That would be a mistake. It is never well for any human being to be able to do exactly as he pleases. And so Adam was told that he might eat of any of the fruits he found there, from any of the trees anywhere, save the fruit of just one tree. That one fruit he was not to taste. Adam might look at it, admire it, enjoy the beauty of it, but he was not to taste of it. This was just what the Lord said to him, if you would like to know the exact words: "Of every tree of the Garden, thou mayest freely eat; but of the Tree of Knowledge of Good and Evil, thou shalt not eat of it."

Surely Adam had no reason to complain. What should it matter to him that there was this one fruit he was never to taste of? Did he not have all the other fruits that he could desire, many kinds, for instance, sweeter to the taste than any we may have nowadays? You see it was important that Adam should learn to obey.

But by and by Adam began to be a little unhappy. Can you guess why? "Because he could not taste that fruit of the Tree of Knowledge of Good and Evil," do you say? No, not at all. He was quite content with what he had. He may have wandered around that tree and looked at it and admired it. But he was satisfied not to touch it. Yet he was a little unhappy. It was because he was all alone in that Garden. Sometimes it seemed to him that he would rather give up all the beauty there and not have that Garden any longer, if only he could have a companion, some one to live with, some one to talk to. There were times when he wanted to point out to some one what he saw and what he liked; times when he wanted to ask advice of some person like himself.

At last, after a while, the Great Ruler took pity upon Adam, and thought it best to give him a companion, so that the man should not be all alone by himself in that beautiful place. But first, before he had done that, we are told that it was necessary that all the birds of the air and the beasts of the field living in that Garden should have names. And so they were brought, one by one, to Adam; and Adam gave names to them, to the cattle, the fowls of the air, and to every beast of the field. But still he was all alone.

One day, however, the Lord put him to sleep; and then, as we are told, he did a wonderful thing. He took one of the ribs of Adam, closing up the flesh again, while the man was asleep, and out of that rib he fashioned another human being. And what kind of a human being do you suppose it was? Would it have been a person just like Adam, do you fancy? "No, of course not," you say; "it would have been a woman." Yes, it was a beautiful woman. And when Adam awoke from his sleep, there before his eyes, like himself, and yet not like himself, stood a human being, a companion for him, a "helpmeet," as the companion was called. And as Adam looked upon her, he said: "This is now bone of my bone and flesh of my flesh; she shall be called woman." And her name, as you know, was Eve.

And there they were, Adam and Eve, as man and wife. Now Adam was perfectly happy. He had a companion and a wife. They could work together by day and could talk together of what they saw. In the darkness of the night they could look up to the skies, gaze at the stars and give names to them, if they wanted to; or they could listen to the breezes blowing through the trees, hear the animals creeping along quietly through the woods, because, as you know, animals like to wander about at night, just as we like to wander about by day.

But the most beautiful part of it all was, that Adam and Eve were both perfectly good; they had never known what it was to do wrong. They did not even know about Evil. Adam had told his wife about that Tree of Knowledge, and how they might taste of every fruit of every tree in that Garden, but were to let the fruit of that one tree alone. And they were happy and they obeyed the command laid upon them.

All was so pure and so innocent in those days that men and women, as you know, did not even wear any clothes. They walked about just as they had been made by the Ruler of the World. It never crossed their minds to feel any sense of shame because they were naked. They were happy, pure and innocent, thinking to themselves how they would go on there, year after year, living in that Garden forever and ever and ever; always being happy, always having what they wanted to eat, never being obliged to work too hard, and yet having plenty to do to keep them busy. They did not know what it was to be idle or wasteful of their time. They just worked, but never seemed to grow tired.

At last, however, I am sorry to say, something happened. I almost dread to tell you about it; and yet it must be told. By and by an awful shadow fell upon that Garden. It came rather suddenly, and all was changed.

One day while Eve was wandering alone by herself, she met a serpent. We are told how in those times animals could talk; and while Eve was looking about, not far away from that Tree of Knowledge of Good and Evil, the fruit of which she was never to taste, the serpent began to speak to her. He told her how happy she was and what a nice thing it was to be able to do exactly as one pleased all the while. And she felt even more happy thinking of it as the serpent went on speaking.

But then he began to talk in another way. There was a slight tone of pity in his voice as he looked toward that Tree not far away, and said, "Yes, but then you cannot quite have your own way. You must not taste of that tree over there." And as Eve looked at the tree, for the first time a desire entered her heart to taste of its fruit. She had never even thought of it before or cared anything about it; until this serpent had looked upon her with slight pity, because she could not do altogether as she pleased, because it was necessary for her to obey one command.

And as she looked at the Tree, a change came over her face. It was just as if a sort of shadow fell from the sky, a thin cloud passing over the face of the sun. She was not quite happy; and she said to herself: "Well, after all, I do wish I might taste of the fruit of that one tree." And she grew more and more unhappy as she went on thinking about it. It seemed to her as if she did not care to taste of the fruits of any other of the trees of the Garden. There were still oranges and apples and plums and pears and pomegranates; there were all kinds of grapes—anything and everything almost that she cared for. But somehow when she thought of these, no pleasure came to her. She just wanted to taste of the fruit of that Forbidden Tree.

Then the serpent went on talking to her still more; and he said to her: "Why do you feel that you should obey such a command not to taste of the fruit of that Tree there before you? If you once taste of that fruit, you will become wise, you will become like your Lord himself, the Ruler of the World. He has forbidden you to taste that fruit, lest you become as great as he is. If you eat of that fruit, then you will know what Good and Evil are; you will know about Right and Wrong."

Now, as we have said, Adam and Eve knew nothing about Right and Wrong; they had never done anything evil; they did not even know what such words meant. But Eve went on thinking more and more; and she said to herself, "I would like to know what Good and Evil are; what is meant by Right and Wrong." And as she thought this, she drew nearer and nearer to that Tree of Knowledge, until she came quite close to it and looked into the branches, and saw how they were laden with a fruit whose color was more beautiful than the color of any other fruit in the Garden. But even as she thought of the command upon her, she reached her hand into the branches of that tree and plucked the fruit and held it and looked at it; and then she put it nearer and nearer to her mouth and at last she tasted it.

Do you see what had happened? Can you fancy the awful shadow which must have fallen upon the Garden at that moment? Those two people might have stayed there forever and ever, always innocent and happy, if only Eve had not tasted the Fruit of that Tree. And then what do you suppose she did? At first the fruit had seemed sweet to her, and she had liked it. For a moment her heart's desire was satisfied. She had done just what she pleased. She felt perfectly free and no longer obliged to obey. Then she rushed to find Adam and told him what she had done, and gave him some of the fruit to eat. And he took it and began also to eat of that Tree of Knowledge of Good and Evil.

They had done it at last. They had broken the command. They had disobeyed. They knew now what was meant by right and wrong, because they had done wrong themselves. Then all of a sudden, for the first time since their eyes had opened on that beautiful Garden when the breath of life had been breathed into them and they had become living souls, it came into their minds that they had no clothes on, that they were naked,—so that they felt ashamed. But do you suppose this shame was felt because they had no clothes? No, I fancy it was a shame because they had broken the command of their Lord; because they had disobeyed. And they wanted to get rid of that shame, if they only knew how; and so they went and gathered some large fig leaves, and sewed them together and made aprons or garments for themselves, and put them on, in order that they might be rid of that feeling of shame in their hearts.

But for some reason the feeling of shame did not go away. Now for the first time they were afraid to meet their Master, who had placed them there. Heretofore, whenever they had met him, they were glad

to talk with him as their Ruler; as the one who had given them this Garden, and breathed into them the breath of life. And so they went and hid themselves, where the trees were thick in a corner of the Garden, in order that the Ruler of the World might not see them. All the pleasure seemed to have gone out of their lives. The delight which they had first felt in taking of that forbidden fruit, had all gone away. It was no longer a pleasure to them to feel that they had done just what they pleased.

And so, towards evening, the Lord, their Ruler, came to the Garden to talk with Adam and Eve. But he could not see them anywhere. And at last he called out to Adam, saying: "Where art thou?" And the sound of the voice went traveling over the Garden, under the trees, along the edge of the grasses; the animals heard it, and the birds; even the leaves of the trees seemed to be quiet just then. And the voice came to Adam and Eve in their hiding place. They knew that they dared not stay there any longer. They had to come forth.

And then Adam said in answer: "I heard thy voice in the Garden and I was afraid, because I was naked, and I hid myself." And his Master looked him straight in the eyes, seeming to look way beyond into his very soul, as he asked him: "Who told thee that thou wast naked? Hast thou eaten of that Tree whereof I commanded thee that thou shouldst not eat?" And what sort of an answer do you suppose Adam gave? Did he stand forth like a brave man and say, "Yes, I did eat of that Tree of Knowledge"? Where was the courage which he and Eve had always felt in that beautiful Garden? No, they knew now what evil was. Adam no longer was the brave, strong, fearless man he used to be. He had become a coward. And he turned and said, "The woman whom thou gavest me, she gave me of the Tree and I did eat." Can you fancy the expression on the face of Adam as he made that speech? Was this the man who had been so happy and so pure in that beautiful Garden? Just think of the meanness of it all, that he should have turned and tried to lay the blame of it all on his wife.

But there was no use trying to escape from the one who had placed them there. Their Ruler turned to the woman and said, "What is this thou hast done?" And Eve answered, "The serpent did beguile me and I did eat." And so you see, they had both become cowards; they had done the evil in order that they might feel that they could do exactly as they pleased. And now they could do much less as they pleased than before. They knew what it was to be afraid. All the pleasures of life seemed gone for them.

The Garden was there still, the beautiful Garden of Eden! The noise of the waters of the brooks flowing in and out among the trees could still be heard; the birds sang just as sweetly and their plumage carried the same beautiful colors as before. There was the sky overhead and the shining stars by night. Soft breezes blew in and out among the trees. It was still the same beautiful Garden.

But to Adam and Eve it had all changed. They knew well enough that they had no right there any more; that it was no longer truly their home. They felt only too plainly that they would have to go forth and leave that Garden. They did not have to wait for what would be said to them; in their hearts they understood. They knew well enough that that Garden was no place for people who had done wrong and felt ashamed.

And so at last came the awful words of their Lord. They listened, bowed down almost to the earth, as he spoke: "Cursed is the ground for thy sake; in toil shalt thou eat of it all the days of thy life; thorns also and thistles shall it bring forth to thee, and thou shalt eat the herb of the field; in the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread." And as these words were spoken, Adam and Eve looked away, and there stood the gates of the Garden open before them. They knew what the open gates meant; they were to be cast out from that beautiful home, to go forth to toil and suffer, because they had done Evil and had learned what Right and Wrong really meant.

They dared not look their Ruler in the face. Turning away, hand in hand, they walked along until they came to the gate; then they gave one last look behind at that beautiful home where they had fancied they were to live forever and ever and ever. And as a cloud passed over the face of the sun and the shadow fell before them, they walked out through the gate, to return there no more. As the gates closed behind them there was placed above the gates of the Garden, the flame of a sword with the figures of two angels, or "Cherubim," warning Adam and Eve that they were never to enter there again. These two people had learned what it meant to listen to the voices of temptation and to disobey.

To the Teacher: The Story of the Garden of Eden is essentially a lesson in the steps which a person may take when yielding to temptation. Each one of these steps should therefore be carefully considered as they come out in the narrative. Point out how Eve could have conquered the bad inclination, if she had refused to think about it and checked the evil desire at the start. As a second feature, dwell on the effects of yielding to the suggestion of the Tempter, especially as those effects manifested themselves at once in the change of character on the part of Eve; how selfishness at once showed itself in the wish to have a companion in guilt, in spite of the dreadful consequences which might ensue. We see the affection between Adam and Eve giving way to petty recrimination or thoughtless disregard of each other's welfare, as they try to shirk the blame for what they had done. Emphasize special phrases or terms which have become fixed in human speech, as, for instance, the Tree of Knowledge, the Flaming Sword, etc.

Memory Verses: *He breathed into his nostrils the breath of life, and man became a living soul.*

Who told thee that thou wast naked? Hast thou eaten of that tree whereof I commanded thee that thou shouldst not eat?

Cursed is the ground for thy sake. In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread.

THE STUDY TABLE.

Humanity.

What is humanity? No narrow creed,
No bigot's rule that craves for paltry power,
No color-line beyond our daily need,
It never looks but to the present hour;
One God to love, each slavish bond to free,
That is humanity.

What is humanity? The outstretched hand
And open heart, the sympathetic mind
That shares our sorrows, and can understand
The wants and wishes of poor human kind,
That asks no gifts but clearer eyes to see.
That is humanity.

What is humanity? Each noble thought
That lifts us upward unto God and man,
A holy fellowship by suffering brought
Into communion with the great and grand;
A love so broad that it reaches you and me.
That is humanity.

—*Boston Transcript.*

The Progress of Socialism.

Edmond Kelly's new volume,* noticed in a recent number of UNITY, is another evidence of the progress of Socialism and one of the best arguments for it. The first half of the book shows, historically and otherwise, the defects of "individualism";—the last half pictures their promised remedy by "collectivism."

The latter principle, as the author shows, is not at all revolutionary, or even new,—but has long been practiced by civilized nations, in one degree or another. The postoffice is of course the standing example of collectivism;—and every letter we mail is carried and delivered by socialistic method, more cheaply and better than it could be by private competition. But if the government may carry messages by mail, it might by electricity;—and does in England and other European countries, where the telegraph system is more or less connected with the postal. And if the government may carry our letters, papers and parcels,—why may it not also carry larger packages, freights and passengers, and manage the railroads? This is indeed done in many countries. Says Mr. Kelly: "In Switzerland, the state has just decided to purchase its railroads;—in Belgium, Prussia and Austria, the state owns many of them; in New Zealand and Australia, state ownership is still more largely recognized."

Since his book was published, an article in the *German Review* has given fuller information on this subject, and shown that nearly every considerable state on the Continent owns a large part of its railways, or even all. According to a summary of that article in a recent number of *Science*, Sweden owns about one-third of them; great Russia nearly two-thirds; Denmark over two-thirds; Norway nearly all; Belgium all; Servia, Roumania and Bulgaria all; Holland all, though it allows them to be operated by two private corporations; and Italy has owned all since 1885,—though it has leased them to private companies.

By the same principle, collectivism might do much more, and already does. Most American cities own their own water-works; and socialism fills our very wash bowls for us. We think it would be too socialistic for cities to own their gas works; but in England, where it would also be thought too socialistic for them to own the water-works, they often own the gas, and Manchester and Glasgow furnish it to the people at less than half the price which the people of New York pay to the companies. By the same principle, Mr. Kelly thinks, not only much of the production and all the transportation, but much of the trade might be conducted by government; and he cites the case of South Australia, where the state has depots for receiving and export, and the farmer may consign his produce to the agricultural department and receive his pay, without any trouble or loss by middlemen.

Mr. Kelly thinks this socialistic principle is going to be applied far more widely, by the same peaceful and gradual process. He claims to advocate it only in moderation, without assurance that it will ever be fully adopted in any state, and to hold a middle ground between the individualism of Herbert Spencer and the millennial dream of Edward Bellamy. But he evidently stands much nearer to Bellamy. Various passages in his book show that he considers it, not merely an ideal, but a practicable scheme for the state to own the railroads, ships, factories, warehouses, stores and lands; for government to manage all production, transportation and trade, to furnish satisfactory positions and pay in "labour checques" to all who are able to work, and to take good and gratuitous care of all the rest.

Mr. Kelly's best argument for the advantages of such a system is that it would be an immense economy of labor, and so bring to men the blessing of ease and leisure. It would do away with the waste which private competition brings us in so many ways; as, for instance, in the case of twenty different grocers' wagons going through the same street, when one might deliver all the goods, as the postman delivers his. It would do away with the work of commercial travelers and salesmen to push their rival wares; and he says 35,000 such have been set free for more productive work by the mere organization of trusts in place of private competitors. It would save the nearly $500,000,000 a year that are said to be spent in that advertising which is not needed to give information to the people, but is merely to enable one manufacturer or dealer to get the start of another, and to force his particular soap or baking-powder into circulation. It would save the countless millions that are spent in building two or more rival railroads where the business could all be done by one. It would, he thinks, save the vast sums invested in insurance; since his millennial state would provide for widows and children without the need of life insurance, and most of the losses by fire would already be equalized by falling upon the public instead of private owners. He says that in the single year of 1897, the premiums paid to New York companies amounted to $105,727,002; or, in other words, "the whole labour of 157,500 men was lost to the nation through the wasteful necessity of insurance alone."

In many other fields, labor would be saved by collectivism. In the absence of competition and its litigations, many of the lawyers could turn to more productive work; and in the improved morals, it is clear that most of the ministers might, though Mr. Kelly is too considerate of them to say so. Each branch of production would also be made less imprudent and wasteful, when regulated by some central bureau which knew just how much was wanted. In view of all these savings, and of the countless people who would be set free from occupations no longer needed, to help in those that are, he says, "many socialists believe that it would receive the necessary amount of labor to be performed by each individual to three hours a day." Thus all would have left abundant leisure for healthy amusements, for the improvement of their minds, for the study of economics, and the further perfection of the political system.

*"Government or Human Evolution * * Individualism and Collectivism." By Edmond Kelly, M. A., F. G. S. Late lecturer on municipal government at Columbia University in the city of New York. Longmans, Green & Co. London and New York. 1901. (This is the second volume of a work whose first was entitled "Government or Human Evolution * Justice.")

But we cannot think that this collectivism would be quite so perfect as Mr. Kelly pictures. However much waste might be saved, the world's work cannot be done in "three hours a day," until men are willing to live far more simply and plainly than now. Nor would there be so much waste saved. For instance, these hundreds of millions now paid for insurance are not "lost to the nation," as he says; but are mostly loaned by the companies to be invested in our necessary industries, and thus to serve the world as much as they would under collectivism. Most of what a man pays for insurance is simply his share of the general loss, and would still have to be paid in some way. our insurance system works for that same equalization of losses, for that same relief of individual misfortunes, which socialism aims at.

Nor would it be a sure gain to get all our industries into the hands of government and politics. Government officers are still human. Even our postal system shows this; and in the much-praised government we gave Cuba, there was a shocking postoffice scandal, involving several persons of high respectability. The same tendency is quite general. Even in Pennsylvania, the Philadelphia *North American* recently told of "a legislature that openly sold a United States senatorship;" of "a governor who became the accomplice of a band of politicians and speculators, and conferred on them by his official signature the legal privilege of stealing the streets of the State's cities;" of an attorney-general who was one of a gang "that tried, with the legislature's help, to steal the coal lands of the State;" and of "the mayor of a great city, who habitually jobs on contracts." Mr. Kelly admits this danger. He hopes it might disappear under the new system, that "religious sense of duty" and "religious enthusiasm" might become "the *primum mobile* of a collectivist administration;" but, he adds, "this needs time." He admits that under collectivism, "the industrial offices of the community would tend to be filled by favor rather than by merit as now." He says again: "One of the greatest objections to all extension of the powers of the State is that government tends to be mad, and that the more government is given to do, the worse it tends to become." This seems true; and if government should ever be extended to manage, not only its present work, but all transportation, trade and manufacture, all the land and all the laborers, as in his ideal system, it is to be feared that "politics" would become a far more unsavory word than now. Every business that tends to become a monopoly, should certainly be managed by government for the interests of all; but every other can probably be best left voluntary and free.

At any rate, most men will want it so left. They are too fond of individual freedom to give up all to government. They want something more than assured safety and abundance; as is seen in the scores of communistic societies which have secured ease, plenty and peace, but have soon failed because their members tired of them. Socialism means well, but in its anxiety to feed men, it sacrifices their freedom. In its efforts to shelter them, it shuts them up in a system. Herbert Spencer says, "all socialism is slavery;" and independent souls would probably find it so. Mr. Kelly says that " the most formidable objection to collectivism is that it will interfere with liberty"; and his attempts to save the latter, still leave too little of it. His book is able and valuable, tracing many reforms that should be made, and doubtless will be. But socialism will not succeed any further than it saves individualism too.

HENRY M. SIMMONS.

An enthusiasm for humanity is needed to transform the church; and thus transformed, the church would soon transform the world.

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SUN.—God and man have linked the nations together.

MON.—Reciprocity is the natural outgrowth of industrial development.

TUES.—Our interest is in concord, not conflict, and our real eminence rests in the victories of peace, not those of war.

WED.—The wisdom and energy of all the nations are none too great for the world's work.

THURS.—The success of art, science, industry and invention is an international asset and a common glory.

FRI.—Comparison of ideas is always educational, and as such instructs the brain and hand of man.

SAT.—Friendly rivalry is a spur to industrial improvement, an inspiration to useful invention and to high endeavor in all departments of human activity.

—*William McKinley.*

The Country Road.

From the busy fields of farmer folk
It starts on its winding way;
Goes over the hill and across the brook,
Where the minnows love to play;
Then past the mill with its water-wheel,
And the pond that shows the sky;
And up to the bridge by the village store,
And the church, with its spire so high.

Oh, the country road! at the farther end
It runs up hill and down,
Away from the woods and the rippling brook
To the toiling, rushing town,
But, best of all, when you're tired and sick
Of the noisy haunts of men,
If you follow it back it will lead you home
To the woods and fields again.

—*St. Nicholas.*

A Seal's Intelligence.

A few years ago some fishermen were following their vocation off a harbor on the Maine coast, when they observed a commotion on the surface, and soon made out a seal leaping from the water as if followed by some enemy.

It came near the boat, swimming around it several times, and then, making a leap, the men saw that it was being chased by a large fish.

One of the fishermen dropped his line, and, stepping into the bow, leaned over and held out his hands. To his amazement the seal immediately dashed toward him, and, with his help, scrambled out of the water into the boat, just in time to escape the sharp weapon of a swordfish that darted by, its big eyes staring, probably in wonder at the method of escape, to its fishy intelligence being evidently a case of out of the frying-pan into the fire.

But the little seal apparently knew better, and it need not be said that its confidence was not misplaced, as the men were so pleased with its action in coming to them they kept it as a pet, and the seal became a familiar object about the shore.—*Our Dumb Animals.*

Better than Advice.

The other day, when a horse drawing a cartful of coal got stalled on West street, the public was promptly on hand with advice.

"Put on the whip!" shouted the driver of an express wagon.

"Take him by the head!" added a truckman.

"If that was my hoss," said a man with a bundle of clothes under his arm, "I'd tie a cloth over his eyes. I've seen it tried a hundred times, and it makes 'em pull their best."

"Don't believe it," said a man with a cane. "I've owned horses all my life, and I've had some bad ones among them. The only thing to do is to *blow into* his right ear."

"You mean the left," said a small man with a very thin voice.

"No, I don't! I mean the right ear. I've tried it often enough, I guess."

A crowd of fifty people had gathered, and now the driver got down and looked the ground over. One wheel was down in a rut. He stood looking at it, his hand on the horse's hip, and everybody around him tendering advice, when a couple of sailors came along and one of them called out:

"Ay! mate, but here's a craft on a reef."

"Over with her, then."

Both seized a wheel for a lift, the driver clucked for the horse to go ahead, and away went the load as easy as you please. They were the only two of the whole crowd who had not advised the driver how to do it.—*New York Sun.*

Who Loves the Trees Best.

Who loves the trees best?
"I," said the Spring.
"Their leaves so beautiful
To them I bring."

Who loves the trees best?
"I," Summer said.
"I give them blossoms,
White, yellow, red."

Who loves the trees best?
"I," said the Fall.
"I give luscious fruits,
Bright tints to all."

Who loves the trees best?
"I love them best,"
Harsh Winter answered.
"I give them rest."

—*Alice May Douglas, in The Independent.*

Going to Church in Finland.

Going to church in Finland is a social affair, for the church-boat is an institution there, and is a conveyance wherein in some cases as many as a hundred persons can be rowed to the church at once.

Some twenty or thirty take the oars together, and it is considered proper for every one to serve his turn at them, since the church is often far from the parishioners' houses. When the boat has a long distance to go it is no unusual thing for it to start on Saturday night, the time at which the Sabbath is supposed to begin.

Then one may see the peasants going down to the waterside in the evening, that they may be ready at the time appointed. They carry their little bundles of best clothes, for this is the great event of the week, and every one must be suitably dressed.

When they are seated and the rowers begin to ply their oars, the sound of music rises upon the air. There is no occasion upon which a number of Finns are gathered together that does not call for song.

Mrs. Tweedie, in "Through Finland in Carts," remarks upon the general air of friendliness among these travelers. Arrived at the church, they put up for the night at the homesteads round about—for the church is distant even from a village—or if the weather is balmy, they lie down beneath the stars and take their rest.

When morning comes the women don their black frocks and black and white head scarfs, take from their pockets their Bibles, neatly folded up in white handkerchiefs, and generally prepare themselves for the great event.

The service lasts some hours, and when it is ended the women turn up their skirts, or more often take them off, make up the little bundles again, and the church-boat starts for home.

The boat is of course only necessary in summer. In winter the route is much shortened by a passage over the universal ice and snow, which make it passable to sledge on sea and land alike.—*Youth's Companion.*

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THE FIELD.

"The World is my Country; to do good is my Religion."

Brotherhood of Soul.

"The World is my Country; to do good is my Religion."

Speak out my heart abiding faith,
And blessedness of soul like this;
'Tis what thy spirit surely saith,
And opens out the path of bliss:
Contentions long have torn apart,
And brought disastrous war and wrong,
Rise up my soul, speak out my heart,
And turn the saying into song!

For pleasantly like falling rain,
All musical with hope of flowers,
Or promise of the plenteous grain,
Runs on this happy word of ours:
It is the bell of some new church,
Far up the heights where sages dwell;
The temple gates for which we search—
Where lives and loves Immanuel!

The world the dear good God has made,
This is the country of the soul;
Not narrow state, or sheltered glade,
Should sympathies of mind control;
But earth wherever men abide,
Should be the home of help and love;
Our brotherhood complete and wide,
Akin to angel heart above!

Religion is not form or creed,
But action kind and wise and good,
The help bestowed on humble need,
Love's universal brotherhood;
To live like this as of the race,
With manliness of feelings pure,
Must surely grow from grace to grace,
While this our world and men endure!

WILLIAM BRUNTON.

Foreign Notes.

A WORD FROM PARIS.—Apropos of the assassination of President McKinley *Le Protestant* speaks editorially as follows:

We have reason to be indignant at these individual assaults, yet where do the miserable creatures who are guilty of them find examples or teaching likely to deter them from their bloody designs? Where are the nations who regulate their public life and their political action by a relatively high moral standard? Does England with this iniquitous war and these inhuman measures of concentration camps where women and children die of hunger and misery? Does Italy where at the present moment a trial is going on bringing to light the exploits of the Sicilian "Mafia," so that one thinks he must be dreaming when he reads the accounts? Does Germany where certain recent condemnations recall to memory those which have caused so much agitation in our own land? Does America herself with her "Tammany" in New York and her war in the Philippines? Does the whole civilized world, in fact, now seemingly ready to permit a renewal of the Armenian massacres?—But we stop because too many interrogation points crowd upon our pen.

Yes, let such crimes be punished, let precautions be taken and all suitable measures be adopted to render assaults of this kind impossible. That is necessary. . . . But let no one

imagine that the task will have been accomplished when certain individuals shall have been sentenced and numerous guards placed along the lines of railway and before the palaces.

Is there not something more to be done in view of present moral conditions? And we Christians especially, of whatever denomination we may be, do we not feel the blush of shame mount to our brows when we think that nineteen centuries have passed since Christ brought to us his Gospel?

THROUGH A TRAVELER'S SPECTACLES.—In reading foreign descriptions of things American one is sometimes led to wonder whether American impressions of things European seem as unsympathetic, bizarre and generally wide of the mark as what is said of our country and of us. Why should individuals on either side, who have mainly disagreeable impressions feel moved to print them? Here are some bits from the letter of a visitor from Geneva who finds in the unenviable notoriety acquired by Buffalo through the assassination of President McKinley a fitting occasion to exploit his travel notes and impressions of that city and its exposition through two columns of the *Journal de Geneve*.

"In 1800 Buffalo was only a small army post known as New Amsterdam. In 1900 she had 400,000 inhabitants, two-thirds of whom have come during the last ten years. Within the present limits of the city there is room for a round million of souls. For the sum of five cents you can ride in a tramway eight kilometers in one direction and nine in the other without finding a street that is not named and numbered. Some of these, to be sure, have every appearance of a country highway devoid of dwellings and of passers by, but that makes no difference, Buffalonians are bent on proving to you that the length of their streets surpasses that of the streets of Paris and London put together. I admit I did not try to verify the statement. I contented myself, in the character of a cyclist with envying the impecable quality of their asphalt pavements.

"If statistics may be believed twenty-six railroad lines converge at Buffalo and 250 passenger trains pass through there daily. Add to this quite respectable number of chimneys, that of 3,500 factories and you will have an idea, inadequate however, of the state of the atmosphere. Do you know Edinburgh and Glasgow? Well, then, add to the mist of these two Scotch cities a good London fog and you will have a sample of the smoke that reigns over Buffalo."

After speaking of the large German population, the German mayor, and the strange German-American jargon resulting from the mixture of races, our visitor goes on to say: "But there is quite a population which resists assimilation. This comprises Czechs, Croatians, Poles and Russians, who multiply in interminable Broadway. One Sunday afternoon I went through this long artery lined with 1,800 houses, in one of which Czolgosz lived, they say. What filth! what misery! All the names there end in *ski* or in *ska*. The Polish Jew, whether named Lazarowski or Zacharowski, seems to be the dominant element. However, one sees also a number of chapels and Catholic schools, and even processions, which give a certain local color to this sorry duplicate of Whitechapel.

"By way of contrast I was shown later the aristocratic Delaware avenue, where lives the Honorable John C. Milburn, to whose home President McKinley was carried after the assassination. 'The most beautiful street in the world, is it not? your guide says to you. Well, yes, the residences have style, the cottages are well shaded, the churches are elegant and florid, only one would perhaps like to see fewer millions in Delaware avenue and less want in Broadway. Who can tell what traces such a contrast may have left on the embittered heart of Czolgosz?

"Oh! but Buffalonians were proud of their Ellicott Square building, twenty or twenty-five stories high, of their sixty schools, their prosperous university, their sumptuous public library. But one thing was lacking to their glory and that was an exposition; for this they have expended six million dollars. They must "down" Chicago and cut the ground from under St. Louis, which is planning a formidable world's fair for 1903. Buffalo had already given two presidents to the great republic: Fillmore and Cleveland. It must do better and endow it at the same time with a new art and the hegemony of the two Americas. Alas! A veil of crape has fallen over all these gigantic plans; it is the assault on William McKinley that the whole world will henceforth associate with the name of Buffalo."

A half day sufficed our visitor at the exposition, in which he can find nothing to commend save the ethnological exhibit made by the Smithsonian Institution and the Peabody Museum of Harvard. The illumination of the electrical tower, to be sure, is fine, but that is because we happen to have a Niagara. Verily one cannot wonder at his ridicule of the prevailing emblem of the exposition, the absurd little frying pans so much in evidence on the souvenir counters, and pendant from the buttonholes of country visitors to "the Pan." It is difficult for us to find anything poetic or pleasing in the train of associations suggested.

From beginning to end of this letter there is nothing to indicate that the writer found anything, either in Buffalo, or its people, which he could admire and respect, and that is a sorry result for one who has the privileges of travel. There are certain very vivid impressions in the present writer's own mind of her first visit to the city of Geneva. She could have made a very piquant letter out of them though hardly a flattering one. She has realized, however, that first impressions are not always just, and that in expressing oneself in regard either to a nation, a city or an individual, unless one can acquire some sympathetic grasp of its highest ideals and point of view, the picture drawn will be so one-sided and distorted as to be misleading and untrue. M. E. H.

MICHIGAN.—The twenty-sixth annual meeting of the Michigan conference of Unitarian and other Christian churches will be held in the Unitarian church, Detroit, Oct. 21, 22. The opening sermon will be given Monday evening by Rev. Samuel A. Eliot, D. D., of Boston, president of the American Unitarian Association. Delegates will send their names at once to Rev. Reed Stuart, 76 Stimson Place, Detroit, Mich.

LOUISVILLE, KY.—A neatly printed bulletin of the work to be done by the Church of the Messiah of this place, under the leadership of Rev. F. V. Hawley, is before us. It is a little book of twelve pages and contains a weekly schedule of work, a full program of study of "Les Miserables" covering thirteen evenings, copied from the program developed at All Souls Church, Chicago, some years ago, topics for a poetry class which ranges through the poetry of Browning, Emerson and Whitman, with a course of lectures on nature and historical subjects. An encouraging outline of work but experience will teach them that the poetry program is a little too "rangy"; better confine the winter's work to one poet, better yet to some definite section of that poet's message.

BATTLE CREEK, MICH.—In a daily paper of October 8, published in this city, we find an interesting account of the annual banquet of the Independent Congregational Society of which Rev. S. J. Stewart is pastor. Mr. Stewart acted as toastmaster and told them that this was the fifth time he has been permitted to join the family circle. The society was reported with no floating debt and with a hopeful outlook. The Unity Club and women's activities were reported. Addresses were made on "The Joys and Sorrows of a Trustee" by one of them, and "The Church as an Educator," by Professor Gregory. To the one who reads between the lines the single sentence which states that "Mr. Stewart has attended one hundred funerals during his residence in Battle Creek," tells the most searching and suggestive story. We believe in magnifying life and not death, but death is the inevitable attendant upon life and death tests life; and he who has a sane word that will strengthen and console beside the coffin has a high function to perform in society.

Books Received.

GINN & COMPANY, PUBLISHERS THE ATHENAEUM PRESS. BOSTON.

"The Cyr Readers," by grades. Arranged by grades by Ellen M. Cyr. Books I—VIII.

"Folklore Stories and Proverbs." Gathered and Paraphrased for Little Children. By Sara E. Wiltse. Illustrated by Edith-Brown.

"The Thought-Reader." Book I. By Maud Summers.

"Wigwam Stories, Told by North American Indians." Compiled by Mary Catherine Judd, with illustrations by Angel de Cora. (Hinook-Mahiwi-Kilinka.)

"First Studies of Plant Life." By George Francis Atkinson, Ph. B., professor of botany in Cornell University.

D. C. HEATH & CO., PUBLISHERS. BOSTON.

THE HOME LIBRARY—

"American Indians," Frederick Starr. The "Siege of Leyden," John Lothrop Motley. "The Adventures of Ulysses," Charles Lamb. "The Rose o' the Ring," W. M. Thackery. "The Comedy of Errors," Shakespeare. "Goody Two Shoes," Oliver Goldsmith. "So Fat and Mew, Mew," Georgina M. Craik.

LITTLE, BROWN & COMPANY. BOSTON.

"Deafness and Cheerfulness." By A. W. Jackson, A. M.

PHILIP GREEN, PUBLISHER, 5 ESSEX STREET, STRAND.

"Liberal Religious Thought at the Beginning of the Twentieth Century." Edited by W. Copeland Bowie, 2-6 net.

HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & COMPANY. BOSTON AND NEW YORK.

"Essays Theological and Literary." By Charles Carroll Everett.

PUBLIC SCHOOL PUBLISHING CO. BLOOMINGTON, ILL.

"Lolami, The Little Cliff-Dweller." By Clara Kern Bayliss.

"Wagner Opera Stories." By Grace Edson Barber.

S. SLOCOMBE & CO. SAN FRANCISCO.

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THE OPEN COURT PUBLISHING CO. CHICAGO.

"The crown of Thorns." A story of the time of Christ. By Paul Carus. Illustrations by Eduard Biedermarm. 75c.

"Descartes' Meditations and Selections from the Principles of Philosophy." 35c.

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